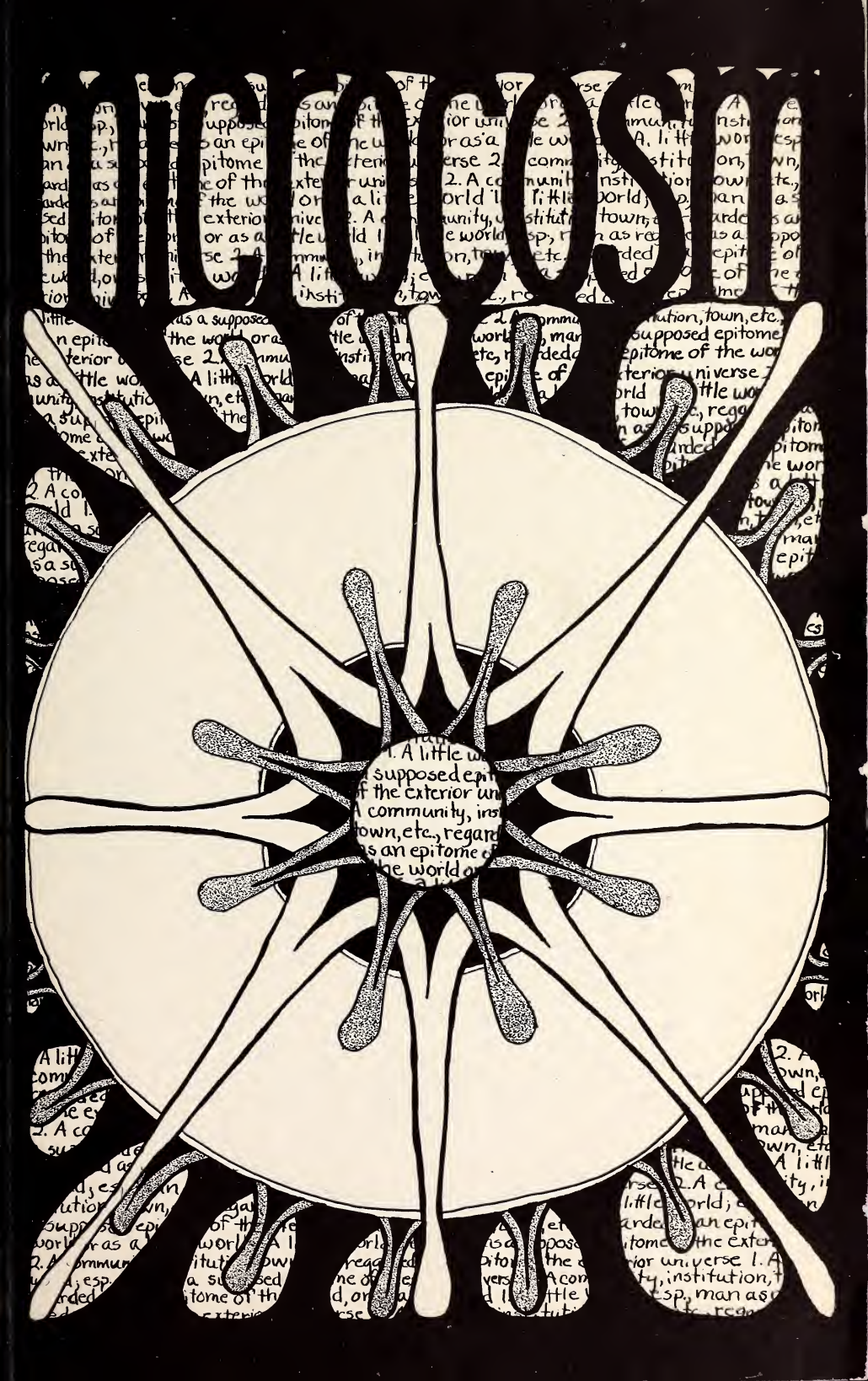
microcosm

Microcosm: a little world, miniature universe.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

Compendium — Margie Smith 3

"The Pardoner's Tale"-Then and Now — Randy Smith 4

The Lost — Rhonda Savell 5

For Those — Margie Smith 5

Depression — Margie Smith 6

Gold in the Water — Mike Lee 7

Verse Written on the Eve of the Birth — Ron Barham 12

To the Captain — Charlotte Taylor 13

One Man — David Brownlee 13

I Walk Along — David Brownlee 14

Miss Evalina — Evelyn G. Benham 15

I Wish I Were in Hell — Randy Bradshaw 18

Not By Choice — Rhonda Savell 18

A Comparison Between Beowulf and General Douglas MacArthur — Jackie Weeks 19

Pollution — Time for a Change? — Jim Dennis 21

The Inhuman Race — Keith McDaniel 22

Christmas — John Lowry 23

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Jann Tullos, Richard Tesch, Mary Coin,
and Dwight Reeves

Compendium

By Margie Smith

I saw four jars resting upon a shelf.
The first one caught my eye
so I picked it up to look.
Filled with silver and gold,
it was precious I could detect;
honorable and priceless, it was labeled
Respect.

The second jar was of thinly cut glass.
I trembled with fear at this great
wonder in my hand.
For if I let it slip and it should burst,
I would have broken the jar labeled
Trust.

The third jar was so heavy I couldn't
pick it up.
Whatever it contained was much
more powerful than I.
Something existing in our world
but also out far,
Faith, only glorious Faith,
could fill this jar.

The last jar glowed golden and bright.
So beautiful that I brought it here for you.
Nothing else could so capture
the sun's warmth above,
The last of course was labeled
Love.

"The Pardoner's Tale" - Then And Now

By Randy Smith

Man's achievements are more evident today than ever before. He is making great progress. Man is molding his world into what he wants, be it good or bad. But with all this improvement and industrialization, man has not greatly changed. His mind, although more knowledgeable, has not profited from experience. He still cannot deny himself those sinful pleasures which can only lead to his destruction. His heart, blackened by sin and hardened by indifference, is still the same.

Chaucer's Pardoner and the three villains in **The Canterbury Tales** would fit perfectly into modern society. Upon a hypocritical pedestal, the Pardoner could triumphantly stand and condemn others, while the villains could find a home in man's sinful mind. Some of the sin man commits today can be clearly seen in "The Pardoner's Tale."

The most abundant sin in "The Pardoner's Tale" is gluttony. The pardoner cautions against excessive eating and drinking when he states, " 'Meat unto belly and belly unto meat,/God shall destroy both', as Paul says." The degradation from drinking, is evident in society today. It is evident when one sees a man or woman forsake his family, his friends and himself. The evil of drinking can also be seen when highway accidents occur because of drunk drivers.

Another form of gluttony is the desire for material riches. This theme is well developed in "The Pardoner's Tale." The greed for wealth can only end in tragedy as shown by the three villains' fates. The love of money robs man of his human qualities, for man wastes his affections and his time on cold copper and silver. And ironically, the more money man hoards, the less he appreciates life. The worth of the villains' lives was indicated by the deaths of two of them, for they were killed by poison meant for rats.

Man's sin of gambling and swearing is pictured in "The Pardoner's Tale" also. With very good illustrations, the Pardoner shows the gravity of the latter sin when he says, "Their oaths were so great and so damnable that it was grisly to hear them swear; they rent our blessed Lord's body in pieces anew, and each laughed at the other's sin."

Lessons are taught in "The Pardoner's Tale." Even though the story concerns greedy, riotous peasants of Chaucer's day and time, its lessons apply to man today.

The Lost

By Rhonda Savell

Rushing and hurrying to destinations unknown.
Being with people yet so alone.
Wanting to speak with no words to say.
Trying to be near while staying away.
Saying things no one hears.
Laughing at nothing to hide lonely tears.
Living in a world filled with strife.
Dying to attain goals not found in life.

For Those . . .

By Margie Smith

I wrote a poem of love, for those who fail to give.
I wrote a poem of death, for those who fail to live.
I wrote a poem for you, my friend,
Because you speak to me,
in tones of loving and giving . .
and because you live so free.

I wrote a poem of sadness, for those who fail to weep.
I wrote a poem of rest, for those who fail to sleep.
I wrote a poem for you, my love,
because you see me so,
in restful colors of blue and gray . . .
into your dreams I go.

I wrote a poem of peace, for those who fail to fight.
I wrote a poem of war, for those who felt they might.
I wrote a poem for you, my friend, because I look and see
through flashes of thunder and lightning . . .
a you that could never be.

I wrote a poem of feeling, for those who fail to care.
I wrote a poem of mystery, for those who fail to dare.
I wrote a poem for you, my love,
because you drive me to write,
with sweeping strokes across this page...
a spacing mind on an endless flight.

Depression

By Margie Smith

My blood is flowing;
My heart is beating,
but I don't feel I'm living.
Won't somebody bend down and pick up
a fallen leaf?
Perhaps a fallen leaf is a bad comparison,
can you visualize a hungry soul?
Deep down I feel so empty,
a dark cloud has made its home above me.
What can you do when all seems to fail?
And effort to laugh is gone?
Music seems to soothe the wound . . .
but people bring me down.
Be careful where you walk.
There's a fallen leaf upon the ground.

Gold In The Water

By Mike Lee

Blazing down out of a cloudless sky, the sun shimmered brightly on the water and scorched the land below. Though the sea was calm, Juan's little boat rocked gently and the anchor rope swung jerkily as he made his way up through the murky water, one hand following the rope, the other clutching a net filled with oysters. Clenched between his teeth was a long sharp knife, used for prying the oysters away from the rocks. His hand emerged, then his head; Juan threw the net into the boat and clambered over the side. Water streamed off him in rivulets, his chest heaved, and his legs trembled. Once he could make ten, maybe fifteen, dives a day like that one and not even be tired. But that was years ago. In those days he could easily reach bottom here and many other places farther out, but no more. The oysters, when emptied out into the bottom of the boat, hardly made a small pile. Juan looked at them sourly, squinted up at the sun, picked through the boat till he found his old water-proof flashlight, and let himself over the side again. On the third dive he swam away from the rocks, out to sea, sweeping the light in great arcs across the bottom, into the dark corners of the reef. Few oysters were here, none worth going for. He surfaced, filled his lungs, and dived again.

When he played the light idly across the sandy bottom near the boat, a brief flash caught his eye. "Must be a fish," he thought, and shined the light again. But it was not a fish; the gleam was still there, shiny and yellow. His breath threatening to burst from his body, Juan swam upward. After carefully noting the location of the spot in relation to several landmarks, he struck out for the boat. He pulled swiftly to where he thought the spot must be, and threw the anchor in with a splash. Once in the water he hunted for the sandy stretch, all thought of oysters blotted from his mind. He found it again; the flash was still there. The water was deep here, and the light spread out in the water so that he could not make the object out, nor tell anything definite about its size. Juan knew he couldn't reach bottom here, but he tried anyway. He got down far enough to tell that the object was a dull yellow, then he had to turn back. When he got to the boat the sun was hanging low on the horizon, and shadows were stretching long on the shore. Rowing directly toward land, Juan counted each stroke, keeping his eye on the landmark by glancing continuously over his shoulder. Twenty-six strokes! Just to be safe he carved the number on the seat of the boat.

His first thought when he lay down to sleep was that he'd found gold from an ancient treasure. He argued with himself for a while, saying that it couldn't possibly be gold—more than likely just an old rusty knife. But rusty knives were brown, not yellow. Gold was yellow. Why couldn't it be gold? Hadn't Spanish ships sailed these waters? Hadn't sunken ships been found before with gold in them? Why couldn't it be gold? He slept fitfully.

He woke in the darkness before dawn but did not rise. He had dreamed—dreamed he'd been on the ocean floor, sifting the sand, letting the broad yellow coins flow through his fingers to drift slowly to the bottom. The dream seemed so real; he could feel them yet. He let his thoughts wander and pictured himself as a rich and respected patron of the town, with a shiny new car parked outside of a huge house filled with servants.

When the sun peeped through the window he rolled out of his cot, pulled on his swimming trunks and ran down to the shore. Anchored once more over his "treasure," Juan slipped into the icy water and sank downward. The yellow gleam was still there. Satisfied, Juan returned to his house.

The morning wore on. Juan, dressed in his best clothes, began the long walk to town. The sun was at its highest when Juan, hot and sweaty, trudged down the main street of town. Turning his steps toward a small avenue, he went hesitantly, peering at the houses, finally stopping at a small, well-kept cottage near the end of the street. He knocked softly but got no answer. Again he knocked, louder this time, and the door opened. Juan was not surprised to see a pert Mexican housekeeper. Emile—the man he was looking for—could well afford one.

"Yes?"

"I—" he stopped and collected his thoughts. "Where is Emile?"

"In town," she answered, and shut the door. Juan lingered a moment on the step, then walked away. At the barber shop he asked if Emile had been there. He almost turned back and went home, but he decided to look in the bar, where many young men passed the time and drank beer. He peered through the window and saw Emile sitting alone in the back of the bar. Emile was not a young man, but he was young enough to scorn Juan as a prattling old man. They did not generally speak to each other, and neither sought the other, but Juan did so now.

During the walk to town Juan had thought out just what he was going to say to Emile, how he was going to give a lie to cover up his gold. But under Emile's penetrating gaze he forgot everything.

"Good evening, Juan," said Emile, as Juan sat down across from him.

"Emile—" he started, then ran down. Emile sat patiently as Juan lamely finished. "How is your business?"

"Very good, Juan. And yours?"

Juan smiled ruefully. "Not so good, Emile. The young ones, they get the best oysters. I—I must live off of what they leave behind. It is not easy. I have my pride. I am getting old, but I still have my pride. Today I have swallowed it and come to you. "I," he gathered his courage and stared Emile in the eye. "I ask a favor of you, Emile."

"A favor, Juan? Of me?"

"Yes, yes a favor. Of you. I wish to borrow your diving suit and tank, if you will let me. I'll—"

"You want my scuba gear? To dive for oysters?" Emile stared at him. That threw Juan for a moment. "I told you I can't dive as deep as I used to, Emile." he stammered.

"Have you ever used scuba gear? Do you even know what it is?"

"No—yes! I could learn. It would not be hard. Just breathe through the—"

"It would not be hard! Juan!" Emile half rose from his seat.

"Just for today, Emile!" Juan pleaded. "Only for an hour."

"No."

"I'll give you half of what I find."

"No!" Emile stood up, and Juan grabbed his arm desperately.

"Please, Emile!"

"What if you find nothing, Juan? Do I get half of it? You could get killed very easily." Emile argued, shrugging Juan's hand off.

"That would be my life, Emile. Not yours." he replied softly.

"No!" he shouted, pushed past Juan, and headed for the door.

"Emile—" he cried, but Emile was gone.

Juan sat for almost an hour, staring at Emile's empty glass in despair. No use going to Emile again. No use at all. There was no one else he could turn to. Should he tell Emile about the gold? Never! Emile would take it all, and leave nothing. How could he reach it himself? He couldn't dive for it himself, it was too deep. There must be a way! Juan's brain raced furiously, exploring, rejecting, weighing. There must be a way! There must—wait! He could dredge it up! Drag a weighted net across the ocean floor. To the surprise of the men in the bar, Juan leaped up and ran out.

He walked a while, then trotted a while, impatient to get home. He gave much thought to the dredging, exactly how he would do it. Doubt began to gnaw at him. Would it work? Would the meshes of the net be too large? Then he grew afraid. What if he dragged the net across the floor and found that it was not gold? It was! He was sure of it. But what if he dragged the net across and covered it up? He might never find it again. But that wouldn't happen. He wouldn't let that happen. He would be careful.

It was almost dark when he reached home. Swiftly, without changing clothes, he checked all the nets in the house, then threw them down in anger. All were too large, much too large. The gold would simply slip through the meshes. The sun was sinking. Juan pulled off his clothes and threw them on the bed, washed his face, tugged on his swimming trunk, and rummaged through the house until he found an old clothes bag. The boat slid out into the water, and he rowed to where his gold lay. The anchor dropped out of sight into the black water. The sun had set, and streamers of red and pink stretched across the sky. Juan had difficulty seeing the shore, and had to look hard to find his flashlight among the shells in the boat. The bag in one hand, the flashlight in the other, he drifted slowly

through the darkness, shooting his lone ray of light toward the bottom. There it was! He swam around a projection of the reef and saw the patch of sand, and gleaming dully in the middle, his gold. His gold, no one else's. Juan spoke the word softly in his mind, turning each letter rapturously. Gold! Gold! His chest ached slightly, but he didn't notice it. Visions of silver cups and golden bracelets filled his eyes. His fingers twitched eagerly, and he yearned to grasp the gold in his hands, to hold it to his face. His chest hurt. One thought filled his mind: Gold. Get the gold. "I must have it!" he thought. "I must!" He kicked out strongly, thrusting himself deeper and deeper. The gleam was brighter, nearer. I can reach it! I can reach it! he thought feverishly. Pain shot through his body, but to Juan it was ecstacy. His hands clawed at the sand, stirring up a yellow screen. Bubbles oozed from the corners of his mouth, then all his breath rushed out and shot away. He moved convulsively, twisting, writhing, then grew calmer and calmer, and relaxed, floating passively. The flashlight, still on, dropped from his numb fingers to the sandy bottom, throwing a circle of light on the gold. Juan drifted with the current, caught for a moment on the reef, then slid away, floated upward, brushed lightly against the anchor rope, and wandered on aimlessly.

The body was found next morning by a fisherman. He hurried to town and spread the news, bringing dozens of curious people, including Emile, to Juan's house. The local authorities sent divers down in the area surrounding Juan's boat. The day grew old, the men grew tired. They had found nothing. People starting leaving in groups of two's and three's when one of the divers surfaced and cried out. "Wait!" he shouted. "I see something!" He came up moments later and tossed a flashlight in the boat, and held out a yellow object. The men in the boat glanced at it curiously.

"Now what could he have wanted with that?" one asked, as the diver threw a brass boat propeller into the floor of the boat.

Verse Written On The Eve Of The Birth

By Ron Barham

What's out there for this child?
Will he be part of the suicide of
man in evidence now?

disposable paper wedding gowns and
non-returnable bottles
bulldozers and wrecking cranes
initiation to adulthood by driver's
license
plastic brick by the plastic mantel
over the plastic logs
the uniformly good and mass produced
McDonald's hamburger cooked by non-
cooks
30 pages of doll accessories at Sears
packaged and delivered merchandisable
presidents then senators then mayors
then presidents of garden clubs
chemical emotions
children sucklings to non-personed
communications about non-life
knowledge
pictures of birds and flowers
exterminated in our generation by
the burning mills abusing extinct oil
pumped from below lifeless seas
cyborgs and clones, a thousand copies
of an ideal man/thing
famine in Biafra then where
greed and self-will run rampart,
run riot

Will he be part of this? Will he cry
stop? Will his voice resound? Will
crying out be an installment on the
plunge?

Will I be cursed for his birth?
O my child, O my God, what have I done?

So
We together
Will, if willed
suck a thumb and dream
and laugh and cry and scream and
throw things
and face the other way in elevators
and pews and stare at the status quo
and perfect and microminiaturize the
indelible non-transistorized mudpie
and refuse to sell the patent
and be freed by/to the truth
and refuse to bit the dust and conform
to the herd
and fear no truth
and grow seeds for birds and gourds and
berries and thickets
and will not limit the future to
what the present lets us see
and jump a lot
and send some mistreated computer a
stapled, folded, punctured mudpie on
its birthday
and throw more things and throw up
on facades
and noise the gong and clang the cymbal
and discover how not to live with lists
and datebooks and identity by
account number and social security
number and easy credit ad nauseaum
and we will hurt and fall and be
tickled and set forth cheerfully
toward defeat
and we will be defeated, we will lose,
and we will plant a tree every year
and we will holler loud and suddenly
and we will listen
and we will join the parade
--one season, God--

To The Captain

By Charlotte Taylor

Dance along memories,
Dance along plans,
Dance along sparkling shores
Within the mind of man.
Set your dreams sailing
On waters, warm or cold.
Hoist hopes as dancing sails
Of colors bright and bold.
Some go forward gazing back
To vibrant years of youth;
Others beaten by trials past,
Sail forward to future wealth.
Hold the rudder firm, my friend,
Ride storms that pass your way.
Study maps and make wise plans
For the dark or sunny day.

One Man

By David Brownlee

In the mist of silence
Mid the distant crowds of home,
One man stands out--
Among the thorn thrashers,
Among the tongue lashers--
One who is the breath of opposites
One who can see through distances
Can see in the crowds the loneliness.
One man
Who can unmask the crowd in defiance
Yet in selfsame sorrow know the truth.

I Walk Alone

By David Brownlee

I walk alone, alone;
I walk through darkened trails;
At dark I walk alone.
Through empty hands I grasp;
Through empty minds I walk
Alone, alone.
Through distant times I'll see;
Through distant lands I'll walk.
Alone, alone with me.

Miss Evalina

By Evelyn G. Benham

It was really her English teacher from over at the junior college who first started calling her "Miss Evalina." Her real name was Evelyn, but the teacher said Evalina rolled off your tongue a lot better. So the name stuck. It wasn't long before the students started calling her that, too. Every time one young man saw her, he nodded his head and said politely, "Howdy, Miss Evalina, and how are you today, Ma'am?" It made Evalina feel so proud like. Not the stuck-up kind of proudness, but a kinda homey feeling because she was liked and accepted.

All this didn't happen when Evalina was a young lady way back in her youth. Oh, no! It started when she decided at the age of fifty-six to go back to college. Evelyn's five children had grown up and left home, and now there was only her husband, Mr. Harvey, and herself. Day after day, Evelyn grieved for her gone brood, until one day while on a visit to her son Jamie, the subject of her going back to school came up. "You would have a wonderful time, Mother. Why don't you go?" She thought for a minute before answering. "Well, I'll think about it."

On arriving home, she told her husband about this big venture, and he said he would help her! Evelyn was beside herself with joy.

First of all she drove over to the college and got a school catalog. It was like a magic book to her. She felt just by holding it in her hand and turning the pages all those words would somehow roll off and into her mind, and she could understand it all. Evelyn had to send much preliminary information to the college, and she had to take an entrance examination. One of her daughters suggested she get a book from the library that told something about how examinations were given. But even though Evelyn read it over and over many times, she couldn't make heads or tails of it. Just good old-fashioned, down-to-earth praying was going to have to get her through. And it did. Her family was excited and they encouraged her.

It was a different story, however, when Evelyn told her brother. "That is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. Look how old you are going to be when you graduate," he sneeringly remarked.

Evelyn didn't say anything for a while. She was not only hurt, but getting angry, for she felt her brother really loved her.

"I will be the same age if I stayed home. Age has nothing to do with it."

Her brother continued, "No one will hire you because you will be almost ready to retire."

She had no intention of backing down. "You just wait and see, when I get my degree, there will be a job just for me. Somewhere I will be needed. Furthermore, I want to make my life more meaningful. Life is short, at best. There is so much to see and learn. Life is exciting, too. I want to be a part of it."

The first day all the students had their schedules made, their pictures taken and first term bill paid. Miss Evalina was determined to make friends with everyone, and she did. Every time she passed someone, she'd say, "Hello there," and smile.

A whole new world opened for Evalina. There were a few glances at her for being in school; but she laughed it off and went on. One thing Evalina wanted to do was to get on the Honor Roll. She worked and studied hard and spent hours in the library. When the first semester was over, Evalina made not only the coveted place, but the Dean's List as well. She received an invitation to join Phi Theta Kappa, a junior college national honor fraternity. Then during the school's annual Art's Festival, her short story won a $25.00 second prize in the literary competition. Her youngest daughter Pammie wired her a dozen red roses. And Miss Evalina pinned one of them on her dress for "Awards Night." Sarah, another daughter, sent a lovely pants suit.

Still more wonderful things happened. There was a write-up about her in the school paper, and the editor of her hometown sent an article about her attending college to one of the daily newspapers. It was really something! It would be a long time before all this excitement wore off.

In no time classes were over and exams began. The school annuals came and everybody wrote in each others' book. The friendly things the teachers, students, and others wrote in her book pleased Miss Evalina. Many said she had inspired them to go on to school and make something of their lives. And one wrote that her year at college had been more meaningful because of Miss Evalina. There were many more. Evalina had come to learn and to take what was offered, but then she had given something back--a part of herself.

Her last exam was in English, and as Evalina handed in her paper, she asked the teacher to write in her annual. While she sat waiting, there was the sound of footsteps and voices of the students outside, but Miss Evalina didn't hear them because all the past days were crowding into her mind.

MCGIN

I Wish I Were In Hell

By Randy Bradshaw

I wish I were in Hell,
For there the devil dwells.

By day I think of evil thoughts,
By night of evil things.

I work my life away,
To do the devil's deeds.

And on this earth I'll worship him,
Until my breath is gone.

And then I'll finally get my wish,
In Hell--where I belong.

Not By Choice

By Rhonda Savell

A loner I will always be,

Not by choice, but destiny.

If I don't hurt people,

They hurt me.

Why? Oh, Lord,

Can't I be free?

A Comparison Between Beowulf And General Douglas MacArthur

By Jackie Weeks

When the reader examines **Beowulf** as an epic poem filled with the amazing feats and the spectacular courage of the hero, he fails to realize that it also contains the character study of a man who may have actually lived. The man Beowulf probably was very much like people today, but because people have a natural tendency to elevate their folk heroes above the rest of the population, he appears to be a superhuman figure. Perhaps Beowulf can reasonably be compared to a real man, General Douglas MacArthur.

Many parallels between MacArthur's life and Beowulf's exist. Both men had a role in saving a foreign country. It is true that MacArthur did not save the Philippines single-handedly as Beowulf supposedly did, but then his enemy was a whole army, not two beings. If Beowulf did live, it is likely that he did not save the Scyldings by himself either, but that he was the leader of the band of men who did. Since it is easier for a people to idolize one man than a mass of men or a country of men, it may also be assumed that the people of the Philippines regard MacArthur as their savior, and not the United States or the Allied Forces.

In their early careers both men were very successful in all their campaigns. Both men rose to great heights. Beowulf became a king: MacArthur was seriously considered as a presidential candidate. Each man suffered defeat in his final battle. In his duel with the dragon, although Beowulf fought to win, his countrymen deserted him making complete victory impossible. MacArthur's last battle is similar to this. During the Korean War he saw the chance to defeat what could be equated with an all engulfing dragon Communism. However, his country's leaders did not desire to defeat the "dragon." Because of this, MacArthur suffered defeat, his dismissal from duty.

Another thing that the men had in common was their need for fame. Beowulf openly sought fame. MacArthur sought it, too, in a less conscious manner. Beowulf was a man "mindful of glory," who

felt that a man's fame must live on after his death. MacArthur expressed himself on the subject of fame in his most famous speech to the Congress. However, when he stated "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away," he may have actually been implying that he did not wish to "fade away." The fact that he made such a statement shows that he did think about such things as glory and fame, and probably desired them, as Beowulf did.

It is difficult to compare the personal characteristics of two men whose relation to us in time is so widely separated, but both men must have had some attributes in common that enabled them to become folk heroes. Both men could adequately be described by a paraphrase of the West Point motto, "Duty, honorable, loyal." Neither of the men was greedy, for each readily gave his country all he possessed, including his life, if necessary. Of course, Beowulf's share of these virtues exceeds MacArthur's, but this is true because we know Beowulf as a folk hero and MacArthur as a man.

The Beowulf that the reader sees is superhuman; the MacArthur that people of today knew was a human being with the same weaknesses and frailities that all people possess. In the future MacArthur's less commendable characteristics will be overshadowed by his mighty feats of tremendous courage. In fact, it is not hard to imagine students of the future studying a folk epic about a man, who definitely did live, MacArthur.

Pollution — Time For A Change?

By Jim Dennis

A polluted environment affects every individual, no matter what his status, occupation or life style. Pollution carried to the extreme must surely, totally, degrade the quality of life. If we do not safeguard ourselves against pollutants, future generations will inherit a tragic condition.

The inhabitants of earth have a right and obligation to ensure future generations a pure environment. To do this, we must keep several things in mind. First of all, we must constantly be aware of man's close relationship with his environment. Everything we do in the process of living affects our environment, directly or indirectly. This has become especially true with more new materials and products being developed every day; many, if not most, are non-biodegradable. Therefore, we must be alert to the future of the things we use. After their usefulness has gone, will they remain to form pile upon pile?

In the area of solid waste material, we can do several things to curb pollution: we can reuse durable items, use biodegradable products, use litter bags in cars, and pick up after ourselves and our neighbors.

We do not have to join an activist group to do something about pollution. We can join local or national organizations, but this is not necessary. The main thing is to educate ourselves in the matter of ecology. Ecology begins at home, and we must start there to begin to clean up the environment. We have sat back too long and let others do the cleaning up. If we do not begin now, we might find ourselves living on an earth that has become one giant refuse heap.

The Inhuman Race

By Keith McDaniel

Scarce do we our neighbor see
Within the well-kept yard.
His longing sends a pleading glance
Through eyes we think are hard.
We pass him by with not a wave
To his averted face--
A lonely soul, lost in the tide
Of this inhuman race.

Her daytime face shows hours spent
To make it fair and bright;
Yet from beneath that lovely mask
The fears escape at night.
They fly and light on darkened walls--
In silence scream her name--
Filling nights with sleepless hours,
And no one knows her pain.

The drunken bum reels in the light
And people laugh aloud--
Another outcast cries for help,
His plea lost in the crowd.
We knew this man in better days
With child and home and wife,
But now, unfeeling at his plight,
We watch him fail in life.

How do we answer this despair
These failing, hopeless cries?
Will we the world refuse to help
The lonely soul that dies?
Thoughtlessly we offer drugs,
Our cure for aching pain,
But man needs in his desparate search
A way to live again.

Christmas

By John Lowry

Can we think amid the glitter and tinseled lights,

Of lying on moldy hay, lit only by starlight?

Christmas carols Christmas lights

Christmas cards Christmas seals

Christmas trees Christmas Christ!

Humble our Christmas to a stable,

Humble our hearts to love.

Give to the world what God gave man.